

TWO MAY DIE FROM GAS FUMES

Family of Joseph Weinstein Narrowly Escaped Asphyxiation in Their Sleep.

BOYS HAVE NOT REVIVED.

Daughter's Screams Brought Aid to Family of Six on the Brink of Death in a Jersey City House.

Overcome by gas, the family of Joseph Weinstein, consisting of himself, his wife and their four children, Mattie, fourteen years old; Joseph, twelve; Nellie, eleven; and Jacob, nine years old, were dragged from their rooms back of the notion store Weinstein conducts at No. 141 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City, today.

The daughter Nellie was awakened this morning by the odor of gas. She staggered to a door and screamed. Policemen O'Donnell and Allen, a block away, heard her and ran to the store.

They made their way through the store into the living-rooms and dragged Weinstein and his wife out, both of them unconscious and apparently suffocating from the fumes. Leaving them on the sidewalk, the policemen returned and found the children. Nellie had gone back and was found unconscious on the floor. She and the other children were carried out to the street.

In the fresh air the father and mother and the two daughters recovered, but Joseph and Jacob continued unconscious, despite the artificial respiration manœuvres the police put them through.

A physician was called, but he was unable to restore them to consciousness. They were taken back into the house as soon as the apartment had been aired. The mother would not permit the doctor to remove them to a hospital. The gas escaped from a defective jet in the stove which was turned off and then on again when the store was closed last night.

COURT REMOVES BAR TO GIRL IMMIGRANTS

Judge Lacombe Hands Down Opinion Under Which Women Who Can Find Husbands Must Be Admitted.

United States Circuit Court Judge Lacombe today sent down from his summer home, at Athens, N. Y., an important decision, which he admits to this country as an American citizen Maria Burgo, a woman previously declared by the Commissioner of Immigration to be an undesirable immigrant and ordered deported.

It is said that by Judge Lacombe's decision it will now be impossible to exclude from this country undesirable women immigrants, no matter how flagrant the cause may be, providing they can find some one who is willing to marry them, by a civil contract or otherwise. The contract marriage can be effected without the contracting parties seeing each other.

Salvatore Burgo came to this country several years ago, leaving behind him his sweetheart, Maria Lazzara. He established a boarding-house for his countrymen, which prospered greatly.

Then he sent for the dark-eyed maid in Italy. She came by steamer, but at Ellis Island the doctors found that she was suffering from a disease of the eye. She was ordered deported.

Burgo retained a lawyer, who drew up a civil marriage contract which Burgo signed. It was then taken to Ellis Island and signed and acknowledged by Maria. Under the United States laws this constituted a legal marriage.

A writ of habeas corpus was obtained and on that Judge Lacombe decided that the young woman is an American citizen.

HER PISTOL READY TO KILL HOTEL MAN

Handsome Woman Found Pacing Beach Brandishing Revolver and Vowing She Will Slay Man She Loved.

Lizzie Gallagher, a handsome woman of thirty, fashionably dressed, was found today pacing fiercely up and down the beach at Far Rockaway, brandishing a revolver and saying, "I'll find him and kill him!"

She told Magistrate Healey she had fallen in love with a prominent hotel man, who had struck her. She went out, she said, and bought the pistol, with which she intended to kill him. She was held for police investigation of her story.

VETERAN ACTOR DEAD.

James Doel, Oldest in England, Almost a Centenarian.

LONDON, Aug. 28.—James Doel, England's oldest actor, died suddenly this morning at his residence in Plymouth. He was born in 1804. Up to the time of his death Mr. Doel continued quite sprightly.

Mr. Henry Irving invariably sent him a gift on his birthday. His first appearance on the stage was in 1820 and his last appearance took place ten years ago at a benefit performance.

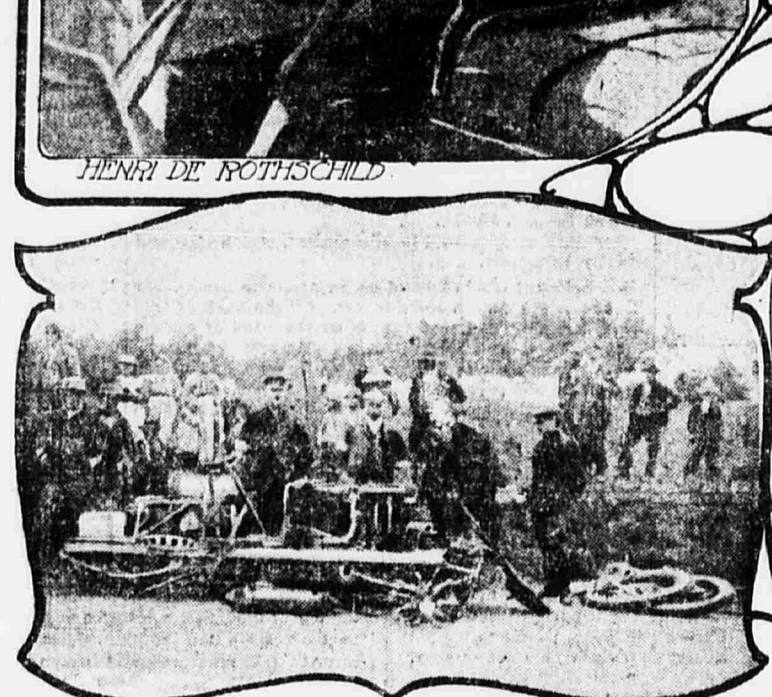
MILLIONAIRES IN CRAZE FOR SPEED DAILY RISK LIVES ON RACING AUTOS.



HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD



W. K. VANDERBILT



BARON DE CRAWSHAW'S MACHINE WRECKED

Men on Whose Safety Depends the Investments of Thousands Pay Constantly Increasing Price for Machines.

Death is the only victor in the mad race for excessive speed in automobiling now being striven for by the millionaires of the United States. With this certainty well known to all they continue paying tens of thousands of dollars for machines which will beat by a fraction of a second those of their neighbors and friends.

The accident which caused the death of Charles L. Fair and his wife near Paris and which was practically duplicated in the case of Frank J. Matthews, a wealthy real-estate operator of Jersey City, will be repeated from time to time until the men with millions are willing to run their machines at a safely moderate pace.

Forced to action by the dangers of automobile speeding, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., alone of all the millionaire devotees of the sport, has announced his abandonment of the sport. Holder of a world's record, he has sold his stable of high-power machines, which included some of the fastest and most costly productions of the automobile makers of France, Germany and America. He declares he will never race again. In spite of his assertions to the contrary, Mr. Vanderbilt's friends believe that his decision was prompted by the terrible accident to his brother-in-law, Charles L. Fair. He insists that he has given up the sport because of the restrictive laws in this country and the poor conditions of the roads.

It was only a fortnight before the accident to Mr. and Mrs. Fair that Mr. Vanderbilt made his wonderful records of 29.35 seconds for a kilometre and 48.25 seconds for a mile. The records were made with a Mors machine on the roads near Chartres, France.

Since his arrival in Newport Mr. Vanderbilt has been using a horse.

With the responsibilities of immense fortunes, vast business enterprises resting upon them, the millionaires of America have practically gone "speed crazy."

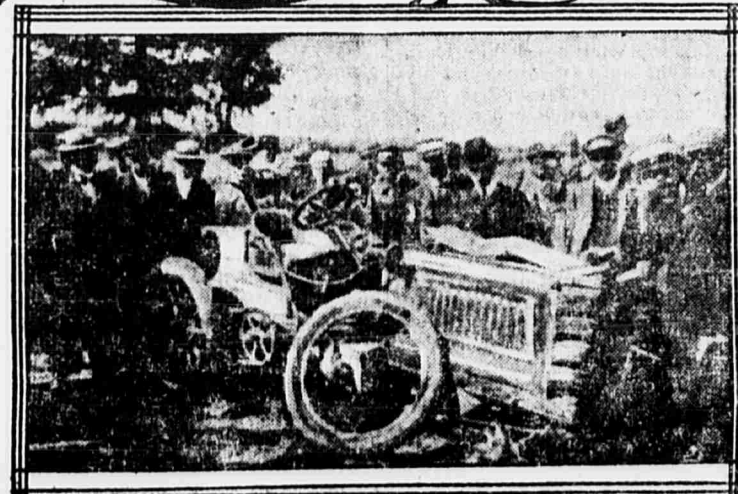
A machine which can only make the speed of the Empire State Express is not even thought of by these men. They must have the French racers, which go from sixty-five to eighty-five miles an hour, and even with these the strife continues for machines that will go faster, faster, faster.

A dangerous sport is not confined to the moderately wealthy, but its greatest devotees are among the men with many millions. The more millions the faster they demand that their machines shall be driven.

Heading the list of multimillionaires who daily risk their lives in speedy automobile driving is United States Senator William A. Clark, of Montana. He has an imported French racing machine and drives it at the greatest speed possible.

Last January Senator Clark's automobile became uncontrollable, and, dashing down the narrow Tarrytown turnpike, smashed a wagon. That the occupants of the machine were not killed was almost a miracle.

William C. Whitney uses a French racer. These two represent millions of dollars, yet they continue to speed their machines. The elder Whitney has never been in a serious accident, but



AUGUST BELMONT

MEN WHO PLAY WITH DEATH IN AUTO RACES.

Here are the names of some of the millionaires who play with death by using the fastest obtainable racing machines: SENATOR W. A. CLARK, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, GEORGE J. GOULD, WILLIAM ROCKEFELLER, HENRY CLEWS, E. R. THOMAS, BERYL PRESTON, AUGUST BELMONT, O. H. P. BELMONT, JOHN W. GATES, CHARLES A. DRAKE, CHARLES M. SCHWAB, ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL, ROBERT GOLETT.

Harry Payne Whitney has been mixed up in several, in all of which he escaped with only a shaking up. Eschall Keene, Col. John Jacob Astor and young Robert Goetz have all figured in accidents, yet continue to be enthusiastic in their praise of the beauties of the sport.

William Rockefeller, himself a millionaire, and a brother of John D. Rockefeller, a Standard Oil magnate, has on several occasions narrowly escaped death.

George Gould, with the responsibilities of thousands of miles of railroads resting upon him, is another devotee of the dangerous sport. His brother Howard is one who delights to speed at a lightning pace.

August Belmont, railway magnate and banker; Henry Clews, broker and

investor; John W. Gates, plunger and millionaire; Charles A. Drake and others interested in Wall street may be seen on any fine day driving at record-breaking speed, unmindful of the dangers which constantly threaten them.

Risks Taken by Schwab. Charles M. Schwab, President of the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust, and upon whose life the success of the gigantic enterprise depends largely, is another of the millionaires who use the swiftest obtainable machines. Only yesterday Paris was reached by the speed with which he raced along the Champs Elysees.

A complete list of the millionaires who use the racing automobiles would practically include every wealthy resident of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Edward R. Thomas, who bought the "White Ghost" from W. K. Vanderbilt, had not owned the machine a fortnight before it had killed a child and had been in several collisions. He continues the sport despite the warnings of friends.

"White Flyers," "Red Devils," "Green Demons," "Yellow Ghosts" and hundreds of other terrible names have been applied to these speedy automobiles of the rich by the residents of the section through they pass daily. Pictures representing men, women and children, fleeing in terror from these death-dealing machines are absolutely true, as a trip almost any day on Long Island will demonstrate.

Veryl Preston, one of the officials of the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust, in an automobile with two young women, near Yonkers, narrowly escaped death from an accident. His two companions lay for days in the hospital before they recovered.

William H. Thompson, millionaire clubman and member of the Meadow Brook Y. C. Club, while racing against time with W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Foxhall Keene, was hurled from the machine and miraculously escaped being killed.

Robert J. Overton Paine was almost killed in Philadelphia by being thrown from his automobile.

Robert J. Collier, the son of the millionaire publisher, was recently thrown from his auto and nearly killed.

of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and San Francisco.

Edward R. Thomas, who bought the "White Ghost" from W. K. Vanderbilt, had not owned the machine a fortnight before it had killed a child and had been in several collisions. He continues the sport despite the warnings of friends.

"White Flyers," "Red Devils," "Green Demons," "Yellow Ghosts" and hundreds of other terrible names have been applied to these speedy automobiles of the rich by the residents of the section through they pass daily. Pictures representing men, women and children, fleeing in terror from these death-dealing machines are absolutely true, as a trip almost any day on Long Island will demonstrate.

Veryl Preston, one of the officials of the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust, in an automobile with two young women, near Yonkers, narrowly escaped death from an accident. His two companions lay for days in the hospital before they recovered.

William H. Thompson, millionaire clubman and member of the Meadow Brook Y. C. Club, while racing against time with W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Foxhall Keene, was hurled from the machine and miraculously escaped being killed.

Robert J. Overton Paine was almost killed in Philadelphia by being thrown from his automobile.

Robert J. Collier, the son of the millionaire publisher, was recently thrown from his auto and nearly killed.

Many Narrow Escapes.

Harry Lehr, the pet of society, and young Robert Goetz were thrown from their machines and narrowly escaped during a road race near Newport.

David Wolfe Bishop, Jr., a member of the Millionaires' Club, has had several narrow escapes.

Greenville Kane, himself a millionaire, was compelled to witness the death of his intimate friend, Frederick H. Hendrix, beneath an overturned automobile.

Commissioner of Public Works Redfield is another enthusiast who has had several narrow escapes in collisions and in breaking parts of his own machine.

Former Mayor Wurstler, of Brooklyn, has had his machine do all sorts of tricks with him in it trying to get it under control.

H. Rodgers Winthrop and Royal Phelps Carroll have had thrilling experiences, yet to-day they are as devoted to automobiling as when they took their first ride.

The list might be continued indefinitely. That more accidents have not resulted fatally is more because of good fortune than good management. On every automobile run there is an accident of some kind which invariably results in disaster. The great road race on Staten Island will be remembered when a freak machine dashed into the crowd causing the deaths of four persons.

"Good for you," said the Magistrate. "I find you guilty, but I suspend sentence. You may go."

Bentley admitted the truth of the woman's statement.

CHICKEN BUTTED IN. Frank Taylor, head butler for August Belmont, nearly lost his life yesterday, when a chicken poked its head between the spokes of the front wheel of his bicycle near Hempstead.

The timely use of Sunday World wants will strengthen the weak spots in your business.

DEAD FROM STARVATION.

Donahue, Who Was Found Starving in a Sawdust Box, Succumbs in Hospital.

MYSTERY DIES WITH HIM.

Coroner Will Not Only Hold Autopsy on Body but Will Investigate Manner in Which Victim Was Imprisoned.

Thomas Donahue, who was found in the delirium of starvation on the Barclay street freight pier, is dead in the Hudson Street House of Relief, and the mystery of how he came to be in the last stages of starvation, helpless and unconscious in the busiest part of the metropolis died with him. The end came at 3.15 o'clock this morning.

Donahue was found in a sawdust box remote from the entrance to the pier. He had crawled into the box after dark, for at 1 o'clock that afternoon he was seen by Foreman Murphy apparently asleep on the stringpiece near the pier entrance. Later Murphy again saw the man when his attention was called to his presence on the stringpiece by Gate-man Whalen. Whalen then summoned Policeman Foley and instructed him to remove the stranger.

Allowed to Walk Away. Foley aroused Donahue, who with great difficulty struggled to his feet and walked north about a hundred feet, when he sat down in a secluded spot. No further attention was paid to him. Foley reported to Whalen that when he approached the man first he was groaning and appeared to be dazed and was very weak.

There is no explanation of the action of Foley in not securing medical attention at that moment for the then dying man. It was late that night that Foreman Murphy, hearing groans, found the unfortunate Donahue dying in the sawdust box. Into this he had crawled unseen probably during the late afternoon rush hour. From his knowledge of the location of the box it is presumed that Donahue had worked upon the pier, probably in the capacity of a freight handler.

When taken to the Hudson Street Hospital the surgeons found that Donahue was suffering from starvation.

Coroner to Investigate. The case now is one for the attention of the Coroner, who will hold an autopsy on the body before its removal to the morgue later today. Not a soul has called at the hospital or inquired of the police concerning Donahue. He appears to have been forgotten.

He starved in a district which supplies Greater New York with food products and from which thousands of tons of good things to eat are shipped daily.

WHISKEY STRONGER THAN HER TEARS.

A Persistent Woman Moonshiner Fails to Impress the United States Authorities with Pitiful Story.

Mary Grossman, tearful and pleading, was today arraigned before United States Commissioner Hitchcock in the Federal Building on a charge of making illegal whiskey. It was not Mary's first time to be arraigned on the same charge. In the past, however, her ready fountain of tears saved her from prosecution. Mary, according to the revenue authorities, is one of the most persistent "moonshiners" they have ever encountered.

A few months ago Mary was arrested at No. 59 Scammel street, where she had in operation a coper still with a seventy-five-gallon capacity. She told a pitiful story and United States Agent Frank Thompson and Commissioner Shields decided that the ends of justice would not be defeated if Mary was permitted to go on her own recognition. On her knees she thanked the two kind-hearted men and crossed herself again and again as she swore she would never again make "schnapps."

Mr. Thompson even gave her some money to give her a start. She said she could make cigars if she had a little tobacco.

A few weeks ago the Revenue men heard of an illicit still being set up in an east side street. They went to the place, captured the still, but found no one in charge. But they found Mary residing in the same house. They cautioned her, but with her hand on her heart Mary swore she had nothing to do with the still and did not know it was there.

Tuesday the revenue men raided a house at No. 328 Cherry street, and there they found an illicit still, in charge of which was Mary Grossman. She cried and pleaded, but they looked her up. The Commissioner was not to be moved and held her in \$1,000 bail.

BEGGARS ARE DESERTERS.

Two Men Captured by Detectives Admit Having Left Navy.

Two men, garbed as United States sailors, were arraigned in Yorkville Court today, charged with begging on Fifth avenue. They had been arrested by Detectives Barry and Hayes, who were detailed to look out for such men about whom complaints had been made to the police. They were remanded. Magistrate Mayo will entertain a complaint of vagrancy against them. They gave their names as James Walsh and George Miller.

The detectives say both men admit that they are from the navy. Walsh is said to have confessed to leaving the U. S. S. Essex, at Boston, six weeks ago, and Miller to have left the U. S. S. Columbia five weeks ago.

N E X T SUNDAY'S WORLD

Mary McLane at Coney Island

The second article by this remarkable young woman, a sequel to her Views of Newport

The Richest Man in the World visits his Boyhood Home

What the people around John D. Rockefeller's birthplace thought of his recent visit to the old place, discovered by a Sunday World reporter who went there just to find out. A double-page feature

Little Black Pump, Devery's Mascot

How a mongrel vagabond canine has brought joy to denizens

N E X T SUNDAY'S WORLD